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THE
HISTORY OF MR. RIGHTWAY
AND HIS
PUPILS.

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NEW YORK



FRONTISPIECE.



In a few minutes, however, a porter appeared, loaded with a bushel of coals and some wood.

see page 77.

Sarah B. B. B.

THE

HISTORY

OF

MR. RIGHTWAY

AND HIS

PUPILS;

An Entertaining and Instructive

LESSON

FOR

YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci."

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM FRANCIS SULLIVAN, A. M.

Teacher of Elocution and Belles Lettres.

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THE
HISTORY

OF

MR. RIGHTWAY AND HIS
PUPILS.

MR. RIGHTWAY was a gentleman of liberal education and a small independent property of four hundred pounds per annum. He had mixed in his youth with the gay and thoughtless, but possessing a strong understanding and sound constitution, he had resolution sufficient to break from their society in time, unimpaired in health and intellect.

He was at the period we are speaking of, about fifty seven; a strenuous advocate for marriage, though he continued a bachelor himself, owing to an early disappointment in obtaining the woman of his affections, and he now thought it highly indecorous, if not ridiculous in one, bordering on the declivity of life, to form such a serious connexion: he

was often heard to say, it was every man's duty to marry before he was forty, if he exceeded forty-five to remain *single*; unless he happened to be a *widower*, left with a young and numerous family; in that case, circumstances might justify a *second* choice, formed with prudence and caution.

Amiable in his manners, social and cheerful in disposition, of a warm and benevolent heart, he was by no means fitted for a recluse; on the contrary, his society was courted by the neighbouring gentry around; but he was cautious, though not fastidious, in his selection; acquaintance with the great he sought not for, he thought their manners too artificial, their morals in general lax, and their friendship mere professions; not, but he acknowledged some worthy exceptions, particularly his neighbour Lord S——, the intimate of Lord C——gh, our modern celebrated diplomatist.

The overtures from such a nobleman he esteemed an honour, and he was not backward in availing himself of the opportunity. Having lost a dear and only brother, in the late peninsular war, he was not solicitous to make new friendships; he thought it too late in life, and knowing the fervency of his own feelings, he despaired of meeting an adequate return.

Happy indeed must he be, who could call him *friend*; and such have I proved him for many years; a circumstance I esteem the most felicitous of my life, and my son will have reason to bless the day, that first introduced his father to an intercourse with such a character.

Major Rightway at the time of his decease, had left a widow and two orphan children, a boy and a girl, to lament his loss. Fain would she have accompanied him and shared his dangers, but he, wisely foreseeing the many forced marches and countermarches, and the multiplied hardships the life of a soldier is compelled to sustain, would not consent that her delicate frame should endure the perils of protracted warfare; he persuaded her therefore to remain in Ireland, of which country she and their little ones were natives, while he embarked with his regiment at Cork for the continent; where, at the memorable siege of *Burgos*, after a few previous campaigns, he fell a victim to the ruthless and indiscriminating scythe of war, which at the same time mowed down many a brave and worthy fellow, the boast and glory of their country. May their memories ever dwell in public estimation, as they unceasingly exist in the hearts of their relatives and friends! At the same time fell,

by the side of his master, covered with wounds, *Dennis Cassidy*, his tried and faithful servant, and as brave a grenadier as ever mounted a breach.

It was in one of those pensive moods, in which my friend would frequently even to sadness indulge, that I happened to call in upon him; he had been reading letters, the contents of which I judged to be melancholy, as he leaned his head upon his hand, and I heard a sigh escape as I entered the apartment unwillingly to interrupt, for there is something sacred in silent sorrow. I would have immediately retired, but perceiving me, he drew a chair, and bade me be seated.

“I am glad you are come, my dear Harry,” said the worthy man, “I was got into the dismal, and your presence always dissipates the gloom. I have lately received two letters, the first from my sister-in-law, wherein she informs me of her father, the clergyman’s, death, and as she has now no tie to attach her to her native soil, and the district she resides in being unhappily in an unsettled state, she intends in future to reside in England; where, she says, she can *occasionally* visit her dear brother, now her only relative and friend, as she calls me, and educate her

children to advantage. What do you think of that for a change?" said he, smiling.

"I think the change she intends, highly judicious and commendable."

"O, you do, do you? Well, I am of your opinion. These Irishwomen, I hear, are very loving; you have resided in the country some time, what is your real opinion of them?"

"The well-educated part, believe me, my friend, possess warm and affectionate hearts, cheerful dispositions, somewhat hasty in temper, soon appeased, truly good natured, and the most hospitable beings upon earth."

"I have heard their countrymen, the well-informed," replied Mr. Rightway, "are nearly of the same temperament; very *spirited*, with a nice, and I have often thought too *dangerous*, a sense of honour. However I like the national character, and I shall be glad to embrace my Hibernian relatives."

"They are not," I added, "in general, the most prudent set of people; their animal spirits lead them, too frequently, to overstep economy."

"That is a pity; but perfection is not the lot of man, among so many amiable traits; the venial errors must not be too severely censured."

“When do you expect your sister’s arrival?”

“Every hour; her letter is dated five weeks ago, and I know of nothing that can detain them as the wind has been favourable for several days; I shall be rejoiced to see them. Poor Frederic! Heigho! I loved my brother Frederic, he was a worthy soul, and this widow of his I have a high opinion of. She must be a most amiable woman, or she would never have been my brother’s choice; portionless he took her, but he has often assured me she was a treasure in herself.”

“You will feel happy in her society.”

“I hope so, and I know so: you have often caught me, eat up with the vapours; ruminating on the miserable state of an isolated old bachelor, deprived of his best affections, the endearing ties of *Husband* and *Father*: on the other hand, I might have met with a worthless woman, or a vixen, have had undutiful children; that would have been worse, so I must even be content, and enjoy by *adoption*, what Providence has thought proper to deny me.”

“A pious and praiseworthy resolution.”

“Why should I repine? I have, Heaven be praised, a moderate sufficiency, and the short time I am permitted to live, shall be

more usefully employed than hitherto ;—I was *nobody* ;—I shall begin to feel myself of some *consequence* to society, by proving myself a brother to the poor widow, and a father to her little orphans! Time will no longer seem tedious, nor life an insipid round of uninteresting frivolity.”

“ You censure your conduct unjustly, and view yourself with the eyes of a cynic ; how can you call your life *insipid, uninteresting* or *frivolous* ? ”

“ In what one act of utility has my time been employed ? I have risen early, it is true, more from habit than liking, perhaps ; used exercise, and eat and drank moderately, from the selfish motive of preserving and prolonging a tiresome life ; paid a few, and received as many, unmeaning visits ; read myself fast asleep, and retired to rest—to pursue next day, the same wearisome and disgusting round.”

Finding it to no purpose to argue with him, when in the self-accusing mood, I readily gave into his opinion.—“ Very true, friend Right-way, I replied, you have built no church—endowed no hospital—dug no canal—turned no road”—

He turned round short,—“ no, nor removed

my neighbour's landmark for the purpose—that I can say."

I went on—"nor have you gone to law for the purpose, to fill the pockets of counsel and empty your own—nor has your name, among the long and honourable list of national donations, appeared with five or ten pounds tacked to it—you have no share in either of the theatres, and I believe you pass along unnoticed by waiters of taverns, or the groom-porters of subscription-houses;—how then, as you pointedly observe, has your life been usefully or profitably employed?"

"You are pleased to be facetious, Harry," returned he, with a smile.

"Nay, I am serious, in sober earnest, I assure you; and as to *cards*, that interesting and important business of life, you have neither *taste*, *spirit* nor *activity* to pursue."

"I hate cards,—a villanous waste of time."

"What is it you like?" I continued; "our club of late, can scarcely count you a member; however, your absence is not observed, or, if it be, it is in congratulation, for wherever you drop in,—'here comes the philosopher;'—mirth is banished, and every countenance assumes the gravity of an owl."

"Nay, now you banter me, for I make it a rule to leave *clouds* and *rain* at *home*, and bor-

row a little *sunshine* for such an occasion, as, whatever my own feelings may be, I have no right to throw a *damp* elsewhere."

"Then I wish you would practise the same rule at *home*, when your friends call on you. I do not wish to imbibe the *dismals*, I assure you, so let me remove those letters, which I perceive are the cause."

"Hold!—this last letter contains an interested account of my brother's death. Colonel Sir William Gorget has been particular in his detail. Frederic, my beloved brother and friend, died as he lived, a *hero*. The ball could not be extracted; he survived but four days, and though the agony he endured was great, he had strength to dictate a few lines to his wife; he told her it was the death he coveted, he only wished he had fallen in the arms of victory; he bade her be comforted, to recollect she was a soldier's wife, that instead of lamenting, should participate in the glory of his fall; that he had a *brother*, whose *heart* he knew."

Here my friend paused, and wiped away a stealing tear. I felt affected, and he proceeded.

"He, he knew, would befriend, supply his loss and prove a father to his orphans. Yes, my dear Frederic, you shall not be deceived; it is a solemn and sacred bequest, and shall be

fulfilled. He lamented the death of his faithful servant, whose orphan son he bequeathed to her care. The colonel's account of this poor boy is interesting; the little fellow, in the midst of carnage continued unmoved, and with a steady composure rattled on with his drum, till he beheld the major and his father fall,—down fell his drum sticks from his hands, away went the drum, he wrung his hands and burst into tears, when an unlucky bullet shattered the poor lad's leg, which has since been amputated."

"Poor little fellow! that is a glorious boy! a worthy lad, sir. I hope my sister may bring him over with her; I will be a friend to him."

"I have no doubt of it, and let the expectation of the more active scenes you will shortly be engaged in, cheer your spirits."

"Yes, I shall soon have plenty of employment. I hope my sister has dropped her weeds and resumed her serenity, for I want not to be reminded of what I can never forget."

"The major," I returned, "has been dead some years. Her time of mourning long since expired."

"Ah! but these *Irish* wives are very affectionate, and she may be *unfashionably* fond of his memory, and lament in her appearance, as well as in reality."

“If she does, she will soon be laughed out of the obsolete custom. Our English widows are honest in this respect, they scorn to wear the semblance of a grief which they feel not in their hearts. I know but one exception; a young widow, who continued a whole year in deep black, inconsolable for her loss, and not because her maid and the world assured her, that her weeds set off to the greatest advantage the fairness of her skin.”

“I shall delight in playing with her children; let me see, the boy must be now nearly *twelve* and the girl *ten*. I shall send them to school, and lecture them occasionally myself; it will serve to amuse and employ me.”

“No man more capable than you are my friend, but it is an arduous task to become a preceptor, and requires the patience of a Job.”

“I know it and believe it; talk of Job’s patience indeed,—he never was a schoolmaster,—*that* would have tried him,—he would have gone mad, like poor Old Puzzlewits of the Grammar School, who lost his senses, in attempting to add a *first* and *second aorist* to a Greek defective verb.”

“I have no apprehensions of your losing of your senses.”

“No, no; but really, my dear Harry, I believe I should shortly have gone crazy, for

want of some active department. My old greyhound, the companion of my walks, is grown stupid and drowsy; my old housekeeper, turned deaf and forgetful, and even my favourite Pad-Nag, I think, trots harder and and more uneasy than usual."

"The arrival of your relations will effectually rouse you, and remove your *ennui*." I arose to take my leave.

"Yes, and your visits, my dear friend," said he, taking my hand, "and the occasional call of my neighbours, added to the sweet brogue of the Irish widow and her little ones, will be truly entertaining. My house will no longer appear a wilderness,—it will be filled, with those who love and respect me."

His countenance now brightened and assumed its natural cheerfulness. "When you next call, I trust I shall be able to introduce to your acquaintance my sister and her children; in the mean time I shall be busily employed in preparing for their reception. Farewell, friend Oldworth, remember me to your son."

"I shall. Heaven bless you" responded I from the bottom of my heart, and I departed with another affectionate squeeze of the hand.

We shall now drop this friend of Mr. Rightway in the *first* person; and proceed to introduce to our young readers, a few of the neigh-

bours and their respective families, as their various characters may furnish useful hints for their future conduct; that the virtues and failings which we shall faithfully depict, may serve as examples worthy imitation, or act for a guard and admonitory caution through life.

We shall notice Lord S.— and his son, in the proper place. The first we shall introduce to observation, is the worthy rector, the Reverend Doctor *Timothy Tythe*: this truly reverend and pious divine ever rose with a mitre *in*, though not actually *on* his head. His capacious rotundity, and rubicund appearance, showed that he relished the *tenths* and *first-fruits* of a good living, as dearly as *roast pig* with prime sauce, and that Claret, Burgundy and Madeira had a preference in his estimation to the pure simple element, nay, even to *barley-water*, however strongly recommended by his physician. The gout had begun to take liberties with his *extremities*, but had not as yet the presumption to attack his *stomach*, that sacred repository of *fish, flesh* and *fowl*, which retained its vigour, and was fortified by copious bumpers of Madeira, to keep the enemy at a respectful distance. He was a *high churchman* and truly *orthodox*; he viewed with abhorrence and christian zeal, the slightest deviation

from the established creed. He deemed it little less than *heresy* to differ with him in religious opinions. He was however a good preacher, whenever he condescended to mount the pulpit, and possessing a clear voice and stentorian lungs, he most impressively enforced the Christian duties of self denial, mortification, humility and submission to their superiors, in the lower orders of society. No one could deny his *charity*,—for his name appeared with the ample donation of a *one pound* note, to every public subscription, when headed or countenanced by the princes of the blood, and any of the nobility or persons in power.—So much at present for the *rector*.

His curate, the Reverend Mr. *Reed*, never looked to more disadvantage, than when in the presence of his employer; they formed a perfect contrast. Mr. *Reed* was tall, thin as a bull-rush, with a weak voice, owing perhaps to want of stamina, from over exertion of parochial duties, added to the enormous salary of sixty pounds per annum, with the addition of a wife and seven children:—Yet this man had the effrontery to exist seemingly content and cheerful; his health was good, he had no *redundant* or peccant humours about him, he was beloved and respected by the parishioners— which increased the *bile* of the reverend

Doctor; the insignificancy of the curate in his eyes, not being sufficient to repress it.

The next we mention is old Mr. Wigsby, a childless widower turned of sixty, who, after realizing a large fortune in trade, had retired to enjoy himself in his own way, and avoid the impertinent remarks of the gaping multitude: to say that he was as singular in his *manners*, as in *dress*, is not sufficient; he was a downright *oddity*; apparently rough and uncouth in his manners, but possessing one of the best hearts in the world. His appearance was a continual eye-sore to the rector, who, in return, did not escape the quaint remarks and pointed sarcasms of the retired tradesman. He despised ceremony, as much as the doctor paid it deference, nor could the latter have endured him, had not his *wealth* and innate *worth* rendered him universally respected. He was certainly a most eccentric figure; a large brown bushy wig; an old cocked hat, with the *Cumberland* pinch; a light blue coat with large brass buttons, in the fashion of George the First's reign, with large open sleeves and no collar; a scarlet waistcoat with long flaps and pockets, and black velvet breeches which did not reach to his knees; his stock was closely plaited; his ruffles hid his knuckles,—and unlike our *modern* heroes, the coldest day he appeared

open-breasted. The villagers at first looked on him as deranged, but his conduct soon convinced them, that he was a keen observer of men and manners.—Thus much for Mr. Wigsby.

Mrs. and Miss Chatterton, mother and daughter, must not pass unnoticed; the former was a professed visitor, and regularly took her weekly round of paying her respects; she was a dear lover of tea and *anecdote*,—the term *scandal* is now deservedly exploded, as the circumspect conduct of our present circles of fashion gives a flat contradiction to so vulgar a term, founded on malice and ignorance. Mrs. Chatterton was no inventor, only a reporter; and such a happy art did she possess that, she made what before appeared *apochryphal*, to be received as *gospel*. Her daughter inherited her mother's *loquacity* without her judgment and experience, so that her playmates dreaded her society, as her veracity was frequently questionable.

Mr. Bowbell and his little son next appeared in review. Mr. B. was an extensive dealer in wholesale literature, and frequently published on his own account, from a sixpenny pamphlet to a folio. Many an author has he furnished with a dinner. He certainly knew how to make a bargain, as well as any bookseller in

Paternoster Row. He was short and conclusive in his dealings, and as he had to do with a class of men whose calls were urgent, he consequently made his *own* terms, and accumulated a rapid fortune from their respective labours. He was really a good and a feeling man on the whole, and we shall relate an anecdote in its place that does him honour; he had some provincialities about him, and his son was a mere *cockney*.

Mr. Sourby is the last we shall mention:—this gentleman formerly held a lucrative place under government, but his patron dying, and a total change of ministry taking place shortly after, he lost his situation; this did not help to sweeten a disposition naturally morose; the blunders and mistakes of government were his constant theme,—*War* he declaimed against,—*Peace* did not satisfy him,—the mild acquiescence of his amiable wife and family displeased him,—ever restless and dissatisfied, he was continually changing his abode, and he actually left his last residence, for no other reason, than that he had nothing to find fault with. Here, however, he thought he had room for his *spleen*; the village contained an odd assemblage of characters, which would feed his acrimony, but which to any other would have afforded a source of entertainment:—here then,

he fixed for the present, to the regret of his more peaceable neighbours, but exposed to the contempt and ridicule of all.

These, with his friend Mr. Henry Oldworth, constituted the chief acquaintance of Mr. Rightway. His house was small but elegant and convenient; and when he *did* invite a party, which was but seldom, his table was the board of genuine hospitality and cheerful ease; he had the happy method of conciliating esteem and diffusing it,—each person departed better pleased with one another, and even the rigidity of Mr. Sourby's muscles relaxed, and acquired a temporary smoothness,

The poor had cause to bless him, his charities were select and secret—pecuniary relief, from his circumstances, which were limited, he could not bestow as often as he wished,—but his attention to their wants in sickness, to ameliorate their condition, by finding employment for them and their offspring, and his application to the more opulent in their behalf, seldom failed of effect; so that their situation was visibly amended since his residence in the village.

He was now engaged in setting his house to rights—painters, cabinet-makers and upholsterers were employed on this occasion; an apartment was fitted up with every neat and

convenient appendage, for the reception of his sister-in-law and her daughter; he had a little bed put up in his own chamber for his young nephew, and should the poor disabled drummer be brought over, he had provided a *cot* for him, not quite so large indeed as the *bed of honour*, wherein his father and the major reposed, and which he, poor lad, narrowly escaped sharing.

He was in his garden, when a letter was brought him by the three-penny post from town; the hand was not familiar to him, and he broke the seal,—it proved to be from Mrs. Rightway, his sister. She informed him of their safe arrival the evening before; they had embarked at Waterford for Bristol, and were now come by the coach, and were at the *Belle Sauvage Inn*; she requested to see him, as she was an utter stranger in London, and wished him to procure her a cheap and convenient lodging in a retired part of the town, free from the bustle of the city; that she should ever be grateful for his friendly advice, but that as she enjoyed a pension, she by no means could consent that her family should encumber, or intrude upon his privacy, and derange his long-established habits. So, thought he, this Irish relative of mine, has imported her *national pride*, which, I think is an unnecessary article at present,—however I like her *spirit*, though

I by no means applaud or shall consent to her intention. "*Philip!*" The Gardener answered, "*Sir.*" "I think, Philip, it would be better to plant that half-acre with potatoes,—this is about the right time."

"True, Sir," said Philip, "the proper season for it, and I have some of the right Lancashire sort."

"Then set about it as soon as you can, for I expect an immediate increase to my family."

"Sir!" exclaimed the gardener with surprise, "I never knowed before, as how your honour was married."

"Who told you I was, Mr. *Wiseman*? May not a man invite the widow of his brother and her little ones to reside in his house and so become their guardian and protector, without incurring the sneers or censure of the ignorant and unfeeling?"

"Why that is for sartin, Sir," returned Philip, rather abashed at the freedom he took; "but I was struck with wonderment all on a sudden I may say, as knowing your honour to be a bachelor, and as I hope for marcy I never dreamt of your brother the major. Ah! now, Sir, this is so like you, and you have a right to do as you please—so that is neither here nor there, and it is no bread nor butter of mine, nor any body's else."

“Right, Philip, you will know more in good time, so leave the bread and butter alone, and go and plant your potatoes, for the persons I expect are from Ireland, and the natives of that country are particularly partial to that root.”

“Faith, and well they may, for I believe it is their chief support, Sir.”

Mr. Rightway not willing to encourage his conversation, said, “Go, Philip, and order immediately a post chaise and four to the door.”

The gardener bowed and retired to execute his orders.

“No! my dear sister,” exclaimed Mr. Rightway, as he entered the house to change his dress, “it would ill accord with my own feelings, and the respect that is due to my brother’s memory, to suffer his widow to reside alone, in a strange country, unknowing and unknown; exposed to the arts and rapacity of the needy and designing in this world of London;—so, madam, your *Irish* spirit must give way to my *English* obstinacy.”

The chaise soon appeared, he threw himself into it, and in little more than an hour he held for the first time, his sister and her young ones in his arms.

“Welcome, my dear sister to England, to the land of peace and plenty—and doubly to the arms of your affectionate brother.”

Overcome with sudden surprise and joy at his fervent and cordial embrace, and overpowered by her own feelings, she sunk silently in his arms, till relieved by a shower of tears.

“Come, come, Maria,” said he, little less affected, “we must have no more of this,—we must submit to the will of Providence, my dear girl; and it does not become the relict of a soldier to indulge in unavailing sorrow; dry your tears, behold in me your husband’s representative and the father of your children.”

He led her to a chair, and rang the bell. “Bring a bottle of sherry and some sandwiches immediately.”

The waiter bowed and obeyed.

“I feel somewhat pickish after my ride, and want a recruit to my spirits,” said he, pouring out the wine, “and I think a glass of wine will refresh us, my dear sister, and our little ones will not refuse a sandwich from the hands of their uncle. What is your name, my boy?”

“Frederic, Sir.”

“Yes, Frederic, I am glad you were named Frederic, you are the living image of your father,—and you, my sweet girl, what are you called?”

“Maria, Sir.”

“Then come hither Frederic and Maria, throw your arms around my neck and kiss me, you

little rogues. Heaven bless you both and prosper you, my loves." And the tear stood in the good man's eyes.

They immediately flew into his arms, while he melted to tenderness in their fond and innocent caresses.

"Plague on't," said he, "I can give advice to others, which I cannot follow myself. What a miserable life is that of an old bachelor!—what have I missed!—the most endearing sensations of the human soul! I might by this time have been the father of a numerous family."

"What a pity, my dear brother, that you did not marry; a man of your sensibility!"

"Hold, my dear Maria, on reflection I am happy I did not, my own claims would have precluded my present enjoyments. I now feel the delightful impulse for the first time in my life, of parental affection, and at this time, the most necessary and serviceable. Providence has ordained that I should, before I die, experience what it is to be a parent, by *adoption* at least; heaven's will be done, and I bow with gratitude to its decrees."

"Oh! my good, my kind-hearted brother!" exclaimed Mrs. Rightway, "how shall we ever repay the obligations?"

"Say no more, sister, but come along with

me, the horses have finished their corn, and order your trunks into the chaise,—I have found you a comfortable lodging in the village I reside in, and we can enjoy the society of each other when we please, or seclude ourselves when we think proper.”

“Your will shall henceforward regulate mine.”

“Not so, I will not have it so, you are a woman, an Irishwoman, have inherited the national independent spirit of your country. You are your own mistress, and must not be subservient to the will of any. You have had trials and experience sufficient to regulate your own conduct, without yielding to the opinions or caprice of another. Heaven has deprived you of him whom you were bound to obey, you are henceforward the sole mistress of your own actions.”

Mrs. Rightway bowed to his observation, and rose to prepare to accompany her brother.

She was drest in a mulberry-coloured riding habit, with black velvet collar, cuffs and buttons; her person was tall and commanding, she was not *thin*, but there was such a feminine delicacy diffused over her countenance figure and deportemnt, as immediately attracted notice, and insensibly won your es-

teem. She was verging on *forty*, her features were regular, but it was evident that her natural vivacity had suffered much from grief, domestic privations, and recent misfortunes; but when she smiled, the gloom was dissipated, and animation sparkled in her dark eyes and spread a vivid glow over her pleasing features.

Maria, her daughter, the little fascinating Maria, was elegance and symmetry itself. She was truly beautiful; her uncle observed it with pain: it promised to be of dangerous tendency to her future repose, unless strongly guarded by natural good sense and a virtuous and pious education. Her artless simplicity and sensibility which were apparent, did not lessen his apprehensions, and this worthy uncle silently ejaculated—"Heaven shield thee, my child, from the arts and snares of designing men! Thou wilt have need of all our attention I foresee, and it shall not be wanting on our side."

Frederic was a manly, well-grown, athletic boy of his age: his countenance had the warm glow of health and spirit spread over it; he was artless, lively and good natured, and he seemed to possess a sound understanding. In short, the appearance of both these young re-

lations of Mr. Rightway, while they caused admiration, equally attracted esteem.

During their mother's absence, their uncle rang the bell to discharge the bill at the Inn.

The chaise and four was now in readiness, the trunks lashed to it, and the widow and her children ready to depart, when a lame lad about sixteen, with a wooden leg, made his appearance.

"Where will you ride Dennis?" said Mrs. Rightway.

"On the chest behind, madam, I can sit very snugly there, and take care of the baggage."

"Our luggage, my dear brother," said the widow "is not very cumbersome, but I expect a large chest of books and linen by the Bristol waggon."

"This," said Mr. Rightway "is your servant, the drummer I have heard of?"

"He is—the poor lad has now no friend left but me."

"God bless you, mistress, you are now father and mother to me, and I hope I may *die* in your sarvice, as long as I *live*."

"Well said, Dennis," cried Mr. Rightway laughing, "you were at the siege of Burgos?"

"I was, plase your honour—ah, that was a sad job, I lost my father, and his good honour the Major at the blackguard place, which car-

ried away my leg at the same time ; but I afterwards saw it buried in the same grave with my father, and that's some comfort."

"Certainly."

"Ay Sir, and a great consolation to my poor father in the other world, when he thinks of it."

"No doubt, my lad.—You have had some refreshment?"

"Oh faith, your honour, I am in very good case, I have had a clumsy beef steak and a whole pint of porter by way of a lunch."

"That was right to take care of yourself, that you may be the better able to take care of your mistress's luggage."

"Och! never fear that Sir; if they dare for to cut any part away, I can give them a cut in return with my sword,—ay, and I have a brace of poppers at their sarvice, and they shall have the contents if they begin to play any tricks upon travellers."

The active lad sprung up behind; his wooden leg seemed but a slight inconvenience.

Mr. Rightway then handed his sister and the young ones into the carriage, which immediately drove off; and an hour and a half brought them safe to the end of their journey.

Mrs. Fidget, the housekeeper was at the gateway ready to receive them.

“Welcome sister,” said Mr. Rightway, as they alighted,—“welcome to your apartments,—you will find them, I hope, sufficiently convenient,—and this good woman, I can answer for, will do every thing in her power to accommodate and oblige you.”

“That I am bound to do, Sir,” replied the housekeeper.

“You will find her very serviceable and hardy, only somewhat too exact and particular at times; I have often observed her to give herself more trouble than she need.”

“You will excuse me, Madam, but it is an old habit, and a fault I hope of the right side; my good Master, I know, would excuse half the pains I take, but I can’t bear to see any thing in a litter; I like every thing clean and about a house.”

The word “*Master*” attracted Mrs. Rightway’s attention and she looked at her brother; “So then, you have brought me to your *own* house, instead of a lodging, I find?”

“No, my dear sister, you mistake, it is no longer *mine*, it is henceforward *yours*; you *are*, and I *will* have it, Mistress here; Mrs. Fidget your domestic, and I your *lodger*. I am tired of housekeeping, I want but a chamber and sitting room for myself,—what could an old bachelor wish for more?”

“Brother! this is too much, you oppress me, I cannot accept it, you must excuse me.”

“You will not be excused, and let me tell you, you are not so much obliged to me as you suppose, for I have had a long determination to give it up; and it is from a selfish motive I act.”

“If this be *selfish*” cried the widow, “what can be called *disinterested*?”

“You will find me notwithstanding, a very selfish man; my own gratification I have ever consulted, and I have a right to please myself; besides, I am apt at times to be vapourish and am troubled with the horrors; your children being lively and active, may help to drive them away, and when the gout attacks my great toe, which it sometimes has the assurance to do, you can nurse me, or play me so lively an *Irish air* on the *piano*, that I shall throw aside my crutches and dance a jig with the best of you,—call you not this *selfish*?”

“I see it is in vain to contend with you, my dear brother,” said the widow smiling.

“You had better not, I *will* have my own way in spite of that winning smile and supplicating air of yours sister, and you must allow that to be, not only *selfish* but *churlish*; what else can you expect from a *surly* old bachelor?”

“If I have no more proofs than what I at

present foresee I am likely to experience, I think I shall have fortitude to sustain all your petulant humours."

"You will have cause to exert all your fortitude; you will be plagued with a motley group of my acquaintance; I call them in occasionally as an antidote to the spleen, they are excellent sauce to an insipid hour, but must tire the patience of any one who has not so *selfish* a motive in their society. They form the oddest mixture, such a contrariety in manners and sentiment, that were I not as great an oddity myself they would be insufferable."

"I promise to myself a fund of entertainment," said Mrs. Rightway laughing.

Dinner was now announced, and no sooner was the cloth removed and the wine and fruit on the table, than in bounced Mrs Chatterton and her daughter.

"Now, in the name of wonder," thought Rightway, "what could bring this woman here?"

"My dear Mr. Rightway I am happy to see you, I just called in upon you, to beg you will introduce me to that lady, your niece, I presume."

"My sister-in-law, madam, at your service, give me leave to present her to your notice and esteem."

Mrs. Rightway advanced and bowed; Mrs. Chatterton quickly met her and taking her hand familiarly kissed it; then turning to the children kissed them, and exclaimed, dear madam, I am so rejoiced to see you, have you had a pleasant journey? I am so happy you cannot think; what sweet children you have got; quite pictures I declare! I no sooner heard of your arrival than I flew to the *Bologne Mouth*."

"Where, in the name of curiosity," thought the brother "gleaned she this intelligence?"

"We put up at the *Belle Sauvage*, madam."

"Ay, I found my mistake and immediately posted there, but you were gone about half an hour, so I missed you, how very unfortunate!"

"That heavy calamity is now removed, Mrs. Chatterton; my sister you see is safely arrived, and in perfect health."

"I am so pleased at the happiness I now enjoy," continued Mrs. Chatterton, "you cannot imagine; I hope the passage was not tedious: the wind has been favourable for several days; you met with no accident I presume, nothing worth notice on the road I suppose?"

"How heard you of her arrival, and that I had a sister? I do not recollect I ever mentioned her to you."

"I had it from Colonel Sir William Gorget,

at Lady Humdrum's party last night. The Colonel is really a charming man; I was so highly entertained, you have no idea. I can tell such an odd adventure that happened to poor Lady Hester Strangeways, you will be quite delighted. I hope my dear creature I shall see you at my house."

The widow attempted to reply.

"Nay," continued Mrs. Chatterton "I will take no refusal positively. We shall have such a charming party, you have no conception; Lady Hester is come down with me, Lady Prudentia Prudely, Mrs. Corset, Mrs. Bustle, Mrs. Fussock, and that madcap, Miss Giggleton. So full we shall be you cannot conceive. Doctor Tythe, the rector, is sure to come, and Sir Stephen Stutter I expect this evening. There will not be room to drop a pin, will not that be enchanting?"

"Take a glass of wine Mrs. Chatterton," said Mr. Rightway "it will help you on with the catalogue."

"So, as I was saying Miss," said young Miss Chatterton to Maria.

"Hold your tongue, Louisa, it is the rudest thing imaginable child, to engross the conversation, consider the young lady is a stranger."

"So I do, mamma," returned the daughter, "I was only inviting her to our house, to see

my doll's house, and my new set of china, and to tell her how Miss Goosecap behaved."

"That's right, my dear, take pattern by you mother," cried Mr. Rightway, "and never engross nor interrupt the conversation."

"So I often tell her, but she will run on, I wish she would be ruled and take example by me."

"There is little doubt of that, my dear madam," replied Mr. R. "you may rest satisfied on that point."

"I shall not rest satisfied unless your sister promises to come, and I shall expect your worship too, I assure you," said Mrs. Chatterton with a low courtsey.

"Oh! your most obedient madam," returned Mr. Rightway with as low a bow, "but I am afraid, neither my sister nor I can do ourselves that honour; I feel the gout threatening an approach, and Mrs. Rightway is not recovered from the fatigue of her voyage and journey."

"Now that's so provoking! You have no idea!" said our visitor, "however a night's rest will dissipate your symptoms and perfectly recover her, so come you must; I shall take no denial; I want so to talk with her and tell her such anecdotes of the company, you cannot imagine how pleasant, quite romantic I protest."

“True, my good madam, I have frequently thought you had a tendency to *romance*; how very agreeable when embellished by the lively sallies of your wit, Mrs. Chatterton!”

“Go, you provoking creature, I hate you, you know I detest compliments.”

“*Truth*, upon honour,” returned he bowing.

“Well, I shall expect you.”

“Well, you may expect us, but”—

“Now that’s a good soul, and I love you though you are an old bachelor; you shall have an easy chair and a soft cushion for the accommodation of your great toe, and Sir Stephen Stutter and you can have a *tete-a-tete* confab together; he is vastly entertaining, and were it not for that impediment, which particularly affects him when the wind is easterly.”—

“How is the wind now?” asked Mr. Rightway.

“I heard” answered Mrs. Chatterton “Doctor Gossip, who called in on Lady Qualm, whom I saw this morning, observe, that it was south-west, as three mails arrived from Ireland.”

“Then I wish it may prove *due east* to-morrow, should I be able to attend you.”

“Why so?”

“As it will save Sir Stephen much labour,

I hope it may prove so strong an east gale as to prevent his speaking at all."

"Now that is so ill natured."

"Quite the contrary, my dear Lady, I say it from the bottom of my heart, from the perfect good will I bear to a gentleman labouring under such an affliction."

"Well, I must tear myself away, with the greatest reluctance; I have ordered dinner at five, and it wants but a quarter; but I vow I forgot to tell you what Sir William Gorget said of you last night, something so ridiculous."

"Romance, I conjecture?"

"No, *fact*, I assure you,—you must know that."

"My dear madam, reserve the ridiculous story for to-morrow evening; consider your dinner."

"Very true, so I will, ha! ha! ha! you were finely roasted, you have no conception."

"Your dinner I am afraid will be *over* roasted."

"Very true, so, your *taa*, you will not forget to put me in mind of what Colonel Gorget said of you?"

"Never fear."

"You had better hear it now, it is a very short story."

"It wants but four minutes of five."

“Bless me! no more it does; how swift the hours pass! well, adieu; good bye my little dears.”

And away drove Mrs. Chatterton and her daughter.

“What a strange woman,” exclaimed Mrs. Rightway, “she has almost talked me into low spirits.”

“Now I think her,” returned the brother, “truly diverting, so unconscious is she of her loquacity.”

“She must be quite intolerable in company.”

“So she would were it not for the inexhaustible fund of *news* she daily circulates, to the no small gratification of the splenetic and rancorous old tabbies, in which the vicinity abounds, yet she herself has no ill intent in what she reports.”

“I can scarcely credit that, my dear brother; a reporter of flying rumours, must deal out good and bad indiscriminately, and her thoughtlessness, to say no worse, is but a poor apology for the mischief she must evidently promote.”

“Well, we will drop Mrs. Chatterton for the present; do you retire to your chamber and repose yourself till tea is ready, you seem weary.”

“I am, indeed, but it is of Mrs. Chatterton’s incessant loquacity.”

“I am not surprised; in the mean time I’ll chat with my young friends here.”

Mrs. Rightway retired.

“Come hither Maria, come here Frederic; do you remember your Father?”

The boy’s countenance looked grave, and he answered, “I think I do, I think I see him now, for you are very like him, only a great deal older and lustier.”

“You are right, my dear, I am ten years his senior; I was the *eldest*, and he the youngest child, but he is no more, and I am left behind, the only survivor, all died when young, but he, —you remember him, I see you do, for we bore a great resemblance to each other.”

“I remember his taking sister and me up in his arms and kissing us, prayed God to bless us, and we so cried, and mother so cried, I shall never forget; when we left the ship, poor mother fainted dead in the boat. Oh, Uncle, I thought she was dead in earnest! They say my dear father was killed abroad in Spain.”

“He was, my love.”

“Ah, what naughty, wicked men to kill my poor papa!” cried Maria.

“They are now justly, but not *sufficiently* humbled, for their many crimes.”

“Did the French kill him?” said Maria.

“I believe so, my dear.”

“The nasty French; they want me to learn French, but I *won't*.”

“Ah! but you must, sister; father spoke it, and our mother speaks it. She says it is an accomplishment.”

“It is more, my little dears; it is a most useful, and *necessary* passport through life for a gentleman or lady.”

“I am sorry for it,” said the innocent and affectionate girl.

“The French language is universally spoken; in every country it is understood, and an Englishman, Spaniard, German or Italian might remain unintelligible abroad, if he could not communicate his thoughts in French; it is a universal interpreter. The *Jews*, that peculiar people, and who are great travellers, all speak it; and in *Turkey* you would experience its utility, when your *own* language, or the most intimate acquaintance with the *classics*, would be totally useless.”

“Is not Latin, uncle, spoken and understood abroad?” asked Frederic.

“It is, my dear, the *literati* of Europe all understand it; it is an essential ingredient in education, and on the continent it is more general and more fluently spoken than by the

English. Many a learned Fellow of our Universities, who can quote authorities from the purest classical writers, would be puzzled to hold half an hour's conversation in Latin with a *polander* or the poorest Italian monk."

"And why is that uncle?" again inquired his nephew.

The uncle smiled with pleasure, and proceeded immediately; "my dear Frederic, it is from want of *practice*. A gentleman when he leaves our university, concludes his education is completed, and the poor *classics* having served his turn, are thrown by and forgotten. There is an illiberal stigma unfortunately affixed to the name of *scholar*; if he attempt to display his acquirements, he is immediately dubbed a *pedant*, and becomes the ridicule and contempt of the unthinking majority; for the English are a bustling, commercial nation, and find the *living* languages of more account than the *dead*; and I verily believe, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Virgil* and *Horace* would have very few acquaintances, and little to do, upon a transfer day, at the Stock Exchange."

"But *Virgil*, uncle, you know, wrote about *farming*, and though I have not yet read his *Georgics*, I am told they are very fine. Would not our farmers be glad to see him?"

"I believe not, Frederic, his conversation, if

understood, would be too refined, for he was the most elegant poet of his day, nor do I think he would obtain a paltry silver medal from our learned *Agricultural Society*."

"But *Cæsar*, Sir, *Julius Cæsar*, he was a great general, and I am sure our army would be very fond of him."

"As a soldier of conspicuous talent he would doubtless meet respect, and many of our military characters, who have read his commentaries would, as he was an accomplished scholar and gentleman, be happy to cultivate a living acquaintance."

"And with *Horace*, too, uncle?"

"No, *Horace* was a coward, and ran away from battle; he was pardoned however by *Augustus*, at the intercession of *Mecænas*, who was his particular friend, and the universal patron of wit and genius."

"Then the *officers* would not keep him company?"

"Occasionally perhaps, as a good companion over a bottle, for *Horace* was a *choice spirit* and a *bon-vivant*; he would be courted by the *beef-steak* and the *Anacreontic* societies."

"Pray what are *those*, dear uncle?"

"A meeting of gentlemen of lively talent, lovers of harmony and good cheer, who associate for the pleasure of brilliant converse,

while the sparkling glass goes round. How old are you Frederic?"

"Turned of *thirteen*, uncle."

"Indeed! so much; yet how can I doubt it? The progress you have made, which I with pleasure observe, proves that you have not neglected your studies, but are pretty far advanced for your age. How far have you got in arithmetic? for in England a knowledge of *Accompts* is more serviceable than *Greek* or *Latin*."

"I am in *practice*, uncle."

"You must pay particular attention to the science of *numbers*; you must be an expert accomptant, an able calculator, equally competent to a merchant or a banker's department. You must learn *Algebra* by *all means*."

"I will learn uncle, with pleasure, whatever you and my mother think proper, for she says I have no fortune, and I must learn to earn my bread."

"She is right; your education therefore, my boy Frederic, shall be useful and solid, not ornamental and superficial. I shall not bind you to any low mechanical art, that would not become the son of a gallant field-officer; when you are of an age to discriminate, and to make a choice, if in our power, your inclination shall be consulted, that I promise."

“I thank you, my dear uncle.”

“Well, Maria,” cried the worthy man, addressing his little niece, “how old are you, my love?”

“Going on for *ten*, Sir,” she replied.

“So old! then I suppose you are perfect mistress of all the branches of education, and qualified for a governess?”

“Ah!” said she smiling, “I wish I was; but I can work very well at my needle; draw patterns, and work flowers in silk; can play on the piano and dance.”

“And I can beat the drum, uncle, young Dennis taught me.”

“Silence; but French, Maria, you must learn French.”

“So I will, uncle, since you wish it, but mamma says I should be mistress of English first; I can read and write too.”

“That she can uncle, and spells charmingly, and has gone through Murray’s Abridgement of Grammar, Syntax and all.”

“Indeed! then write down what I am going to do,” and he took a couple of pears and began with the dessert knife, “I am going to do *what*, Maria? Write it down and let me see.”

Maria took out her pocket-book, and wrote, “to *pare* a pair of pears.”

“There uncle.”

“Very well, my dear, neatly written, and properly spelt; now can you tell me the parts of speech? *To pare.*”

“A verb active, Sir, in the infinitive mood; a *pair*, signifies a couple, or two placed closely together, and is a substantive, singular; *pears*, (fruit) a substantive in the plural number.”

“And to *pare*, signifies,” asked her uncle.

“To cut the skin or rind off with a knife, Sir.”

“Very well indeed; come kiss me, Maria, and take them for your pains, you have deservedly earned them.”

Maria blushed, courtesied and received the gift with thanks.

“Now, Frederic, you may retire; and do you, Maria let your mother know, that tea is waiting her presence.”

As soon as Mrs. Rightway made her appearance; “You have recovered, sister, from the fatigue of Mrs. Chatterton’s visit?”

“I have, and I hope it will be some time before she repeats it.”

“That I will not answer for; she seldom uses much ceremony.”

“She surely will not expect us to-morrow?”

“Do not be alarmed.” “It is highly probable she forgot that any invitation passed, before

she alighted from her carriage," Mrs Rightway ejaculates in silence.

"You have had a sample of my acquaintance in the female line; I must next introduce you to some of my *male* visitors."

"Oh! for goodness' sake, brother, have a little mercy, and grant me breathing time."

"Well, well, you are your own mistress, but I assure you, they are an excellent refreshment, and a slice of them now and then, will give a relish to more serious pursuits. I have had some conversation with my nephew and niece. They are at present every thing I could wish, and more than my most sanguine expectation could have formed. You have been very fortunate in the selection of their instructors."

"Their education has hitherto been private. Maria has never yet been from under my own eye; and her brother had the happiness to receive instruction under the able tuition of his learned and pious grandfather, whose loss we now so severely feel and mourn."

"And which loss I shall speedily endeavour to supply. I have recently had several overtures from Lord S.— my near neighbour; he offered me the superintendance of the young Lord, his son; this is astonishing, when so many abler tutors might be selected, whose profession it is, but such is his choice and de-

termination; he is now going abroad in a diplomatic capacity, where he may remain a considerable time; his son is too young for the University, and his Lordship has a rooted dislike to the discipline of a public school; he offers the liberal terms of 500*l.* per annum, with the liberty to choose whatever assistance I may deem fit for the purpose. I have had some scruples as to my competency to the solemn and important charge, but I shall now embrace with pleasure the honour he intends me. I have a double motive in so doing.— This introduction may be of essential service to Frederic in his future prospects, and prove particularly agreeable to poor Mr. *Reed*, our curate, whose assistance I shall call in for a couple of hours each day: 100*l.* per annum will be of great benefit to a most worthy and learned man, with a family of *seven* children, and but *sixty* pounds a year to live on.”

“ I see, my dear brother, you have carved out plenty of employment for yourself; what department do you intend to undertake?”

“ The regulation of their morals, sister, and the correction of their foibles and failings.”

“ The society of your motley visitors, will now be dropped?”

“ Not entirely, their various humours will

not afford *amusement* only, but prove a lesson of instruction to my young pupils, from the inferences I shall draw and impress upon their susceptible minds."

Mr. Rightway now wrote to Lord S.— that he would undertake to superintend the young Lord's education, trusting that his zeal would compensate for the absence of more essential acquirements.

Lord S.— however knew Mr. Rightway's abilities sufficiently to rest satisfied with the choice he had made.

An apartment was neatly fitted up for the young Lord's reception; stabling provided for a couple of horses; a carriage left for his occasional use, and a servant man put on board wages to attend him.

Lord S.— soon after embarked with his family for the continent, and the young nobleman immediately commenced his residence with Mr. Rightway.

The young Lord was an only son; heir to an immense property; he was tenderly reared; his health was delicate, from the over indulgence of his parents. He was six months older than Frederic, but his progress fell infinitely short of that diligent and intelligent boy's.

He was not actually *proud* and *haughty*, but

had a sufficient knowledge of his rank, to expect deference and attention; his temper however was mild, and his manners, on the whole, easy and agreeable. He was fond of show; and strange as it may appear more fond of money, and for the sole pleasure of hearing it rattle in his pockets; for having never beheld the misery of others, he had no notion of its existence, and he turned with disgust from the sight of poverty as if coupled with criminality and infamy. These traits in his character were soon apparent to the discerning eye of Mr. Rightway, but as his disposition seemed pliable, he entertained hopes of forming it by degrees to his wish. But this, he well knew, could not be the work of a day.

Our young nobleman was at first surprised not to see the same elegant furniture and costly display of plate that glittered on his father's sideboard; neither was the table supplied with the same variety of delicacies, every thing was of the best, and served in the neatest manner, but he no longer beheld the same luxury and profusion; no pines, melons, nor hot-house fruits; no jellies nor sweetmeats appeared; plain roast and boiled, with an occasional fowl and fish for variety only, filled the board; and his surprise was increased, when he saw Mr. Rightway fill *him* a single

wine glass, and then order the bottle to be removed, while he himself and Mrs. Rightway were content with humble *porter*, and Frederic and Maria finished their meal with a draught of table beer.

“Take *your medicine*, Sir,” said Mr. Rightway, handing to him his glass of wine.

“*Medicine*, Sir!” exclaimed the young Lord.

“Yes, your *physic*, Sir,” repeated Mr. Rightway, “what is wine, but medicine? It was formerly sold in apothecaries’ shops, and ought to be still retailed out there in small doses, for what is all wine and spirits but slow *poison*, undermining the constitution, and producing *dropsy*, *apoplexy* and *death*!”

Our young noble guest stared, and was silent.

But his astonishment knew no bounds, when one morning he beheld a *brown loaf* and porringers of milk brought, instead of the tea equipage.

“Come, good folks, fall to, this is indeed a *treat*! Come, Frederic, my boy, and Maria, don’t be shy, eat away heartily.”

“Oh! Uncle! what nice brown bread! how sweet it is!” cried Frederic.

“And what fine rich milk! it is *beautiful*,” cried Maria.

“Come, my young Lord, help yourself; I

make it a rule in my family, to have a *milk* breakfast twice a week. Shall I help you? Don't be sparing."

Poor young Lord S. put some bread in his mouth and took a sup of milk, but he gently moved it from him, and rose from the table.

"Are you not well, my dear?" said Mrs. Rightway, alarmed.

"I—I am very well, madam," answered he.

"Pray, young gentleman" asked Mr. Rightway, "were you ever *hungry* in your life?"

"I do not know, Sir."

"You do not *know*! then you have a pleasure to come, you never yet experienced. Go, Sir, and run about the garden for a full hour, and then come in and see if your sickly appetite will permit you to digest what is placed before you; if not, take another hour's race, and try again. Frederic, do you accompany him."

Lord S. slowly retired.

"How can you, brother, act so? Consider how he has been brought up."

"I do, and that is the very reason I act thus; the longer I defer my plan, the more difficult will be my task; so pray leave me and him to settle the point."

At first the young nobleman was inclined to *sulk*, but observing the cheerful, contented,

and animated glow of health in Frederic's countenance, he felt ashamed and began to exert himself, but his activity and strength soon failed him, and he stopped short, quite breathless, before the third round was finished. Frederic did not urge him on nor laugh at his feeble efforts; on the contrary, he applauded him, saying, that in a week's time, he knew his noble companion would far outstrip him; thus encouraged, he made a second and a third essay, each with increased effect; highly delighted with his success, he would have continued, but his considerate young friend advised him not to fatigue himself; and with a persuasive smile, begged him to accompany him to another part of the garden, where the gardener was at work.

Frederic now took a small spade and began to dig and turn up the earth; he snuffed up the effluvia it sent forth with peculiar marks of satisfaction observing, that the practice gave him such an appetite that he could always eat like a hunter afterwards.

The young Lord expressed a wish to follow his example; Frederic showed him how to handle the spade, and in a few efforts he confessed the smell of the fresh earth was more agreeable than offensive, and he felt it revive him.

The exercise had thrown a colour into his cheeks they never before possessed, and his eyes lost their languor.

“I declare, I think, Master Frederic, that your great folks paint” said the gardener “for they look so rosy and so fair, not the brown red that the weather gives one, but such a delicate bloom of a pink or carnation, just like the young Lord there.”

Lord S. blushed and replied; “I don’t paint man.”

“I ax your noble honour’s pardon, I now sees you dont, but don’t be ashamed of your looks, for *exercise* is the most *wholesome* and natural paint, and if you were only to look in the glass, you would never desire to look pale again.”

The young Lord S.— smiled, and turned to Frederic, who said “The gardener’s observation was just, as he never beheld so great an improvement in so short a time.”

The gardener continued, “I protest his young Lordship is quite a *dabster* at work; I see I shall soon get my discharge; I shall have no business to contend with him in a little time; he will do more in a day than I could do in a week. I hope your noble honour won’t take the bread out of a poor man’s mouth, for I have had a large family to provide for.”

Lord S—'s looks showed that he took the gardener's words in good part.

In this manner an hour and a half soon glided away, when Frederic hinted that he thought his Lordship had exercised sufficiently, and that it was time to return.

"Well, how do you find yourself, my Lord?" asked Frederic.

"Indeed, Frederic," answered his Lordship, "I feel, as I never felt before, quite empty here" pointing to his stomach, "and I think I could eat almost any thing."

"You are hungry, perhaps."

"I do not know what it is, but it is a very odd sensation."

"Then let us race to the bottom of the garden, and then for a nice slice of the brown loaf. I am quite hungry myself, though I ate such a hearty breakfast."

"Have with you," said his Lordship, and away they both set off, full gallop.

Mr. Rightway was sitting near the window reading, and seemed not to notice their entrance, neither in their haste did they observe him. The bread and milk stood on a small table at a distance. Lord S.— immediately ran to the loaf and cut a large slice which he seemed to devour; the milk was quite cold, but that did not signify, the porringer was soon emptied; at every mouthful and

at every draught he exclaimed,—“how sweet! how delicious! how refreshing!”

Mr. Rightway laid down his book.—“So, Sir, I see you have borrowed an appetite.—Who was so kind as to lend you one? Have you parted with yours, Frederic, to accommodate his Lordship?”

“No, uncle, you must know, his Lordship found it himself in the garden.”

“Yes, Sir,” added Lord S.—“and I shall take a race there every morning, with your permission, in the hope of meeting the same good fortune.”

“You have my full consent,—but your time must not be passed in bodily exercise alone, your mind must be employed; study and exercise wonderfully assist each other.—Go, and amuse yourselves for another hour.”

The young gentlemen bowed and departed.

Mr. Reed was now announced.

“Welcome, my good Sir; I have taken the liberty of indulging your pupils this forenoon, as I want to have a little conversation with you. Lord S.—has left to me the selection of proper instructors for his son, and I should ill repay the pleasure I have found in your valuable acquaintance, and the opinion I entertain of your abilities, if I had not fixed on you as my first and principal co-adjutor.”

Mr. Reed bowed.

“Lord S—’s allowance is liberal, but nothing extraordinary for a nobleman of his large possessions.—Many masters must be employed. French, dancing and musical professors engaged; and I know the extravagant demands of these gentry, when a young nobleman is their object; and such as they are, they must be complied with; if then 100*l.* per annum, for two hours in the day be worth your acceptance, I can promise you that, and as you will have my little rogue of a nephew at the same time under your care, his mother and I will make up an additional 50*l.* a year between us. I know it is not enough, but it it is as much as present circumstances will allow.”

The tear of gratitude stood in the poor curate’s eyes, while he exclaimed, “Oh! my dear Sir, it is too much; my poor services can never deserve it; it is indeed too much by half; it is a gift and not a salary; I cannot accept it.”

“Come, come, Mr. Reed, humility in a clergyman is truly becoming, but such modesty as yours, let me tell you, is downright *robbery* towards yourself and family, my friend.”

The curate sighed, wiped his eyes and bowed in silence.

“How is your good family, Mr. Reed?”

“Three of my youngest children have had the measles, from which they are slowly recovering, the rest are tolerably well; my poor wife has had a fatiguing time of it.”

Mr. Rightway paused and then proceeded.

“I find it is the practice of Lord S.— contrary to the custom of most men of rank, to pay half a year in advance. He has done so by me, nay, more, he has given me an unlimited letter of credit to draw on his banker whenever I please; so put this check on *Coutts* for 50*l.* in your pocket, Mr. Reed, and a couple of bottles of Madeira for the use of your little invalids, they are a present, the first present, and I hope not the last from your noble pupil. I heard that your children were ill, I mentioned the circumstance, I think it was yesterday, before his Lordship, and said, as he was taking his glass of wine, that a glass or two of the same medicine he was swallowing, would be of great service to your little ones.”

“Medicine!” re-echoed the curate.

“I have already taught him to consider it as such, and I trust I shall soon persuade him it is an *emetic*, for I shall administer one shortly to him, disguised in wine, as from the vitiated state of his appetite, his stomach must be foul.”

Mr. Reed now rose to take his leave.

“Well,” cried Mr. Rightway, “I will not detain you, go and make your good woman and young ones happy, and drink a glass to the young Lord’s health.”

The curate squeezed his benefactor’s hand, he was unable to reply, and took his leave.

It now began to be rumoured about in the village, that Mr. Rightway brought home to his house, a wife and children, whom he had been ashamed to own from the *meanness*, it was supposed, of her origin; some servant, or mean dowdy;—that he intended to introduce the *creature* into the respectable society of the ladies in the neighbourhood.—Upon this the dowagers, whose pride felt hurt, declared one and all, that though Mr. Rightway himself was, as a gentleman, always welcome to their parties, they could not, consistent with the duty they owed to themselves, associate with a person of low birth and breeding. Mrs. Chatterton, it is true, had mentioned her as his sister-in-law, but that circumstance was deemed improbable, as they never heard of his brother, the major. The truth is, Mr. Rightway seldom went among them, nor when he did, did he deem it necessary to inform them of his family, or otherwise gratify their insatiable curiosity.

The Reverend Rector was soon apprised of

the news, he felt his dignity and consequence lowered, by not having his advice and opinion consulted in so delicate an affair; he confessed it impossible, from the rank he held in life, to countenance and receive into his family intercourse a woman of such obscurity and vulgar habits, as she must possess, though the wife of his friend; that Mr. Rightway's acquaintance he would always esteem, but as to his *lady*, and here he pulled himself up and gave a hem, he begged to be excused.

Mr. Wigsby chuckled when he heard of it, and declared he always thought friend Rightway a sly old codger in the main, to keep his marriage secret so long.

Mr. Bowbell said, it did not surprise him, it was become with married men, as much a practice in the *city*, as at the west end of the town to live apart from their wives as long as they could.

Mr. Sourby gave a *pish*, and only wondered he had kept it secret so long, and that he did not want this *additional* proof of the world's depravity and neglect of their dearest connexions.

The next Sunday, Mr. Rightway and his sister with young Frederic and Maria, set out on foot for the church which was at the bottom of the village, and as they passed, she

took his arm, every passenger they met stared at them, then turned and stared again. Mr. Wigsby overtook them; "your servant, your servant, old friend," then went forward a few steps, and called out "Doctor Tythe preaches to-day, I hear."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Rightway "I am glad of it."

"Are you *really*?" bawled old Wigsby; "he means to give us a long sermon upon rectitude of conduct I am told,—ay, ay, he will thunder it in our ears, I warrant," with that he stared at the widow, chuckled, gave a familiar nod, shrugged up his shoulders, laughed again, and the words "*sly old fox*" escaped him as he shuffled onwards.

"Is not that old gentleman a little deranged?" asked Mrs. Rightway.

"Oh no, not at all," replied the brother, "it is only his *manner*, his *odd way*."

"*Very odd* it seems, indeed."

Mr. Sourby next came up, he bowed indeed as he passed Mr. Rightway, but his countenance wore a more *vinegar* aspect than usual, as he shook his head.

"Some *pleasing* intelligence from *abroad*, by my friend Sourby's looks."

"I should not think so" said the sister.

As they came to the church-porch, Mrs.

Chatterton and *Miss Giggleton* were in high conversation.

Oh my dear creature, how I have longed to see you, where have you hid yourself this age? I have such a budget of news for you, so strange you have no idea; who could suppose it?" *Miss Giggleton* laughed. "Ay you may laugh, but no such laughing matter neither, though it is truly ridiculous; where shall I see you to-morrow? I'll call on you;—we have no time now; good bye; I said every thing to contradict it, I assure you."

Miss Giggleton again burst into a laugh as she and *Mrs. Chatterton* entered the church.

The rector now made his appearance. *Mr. Rightway* bowed; the doctor drew himself up, and with a frigid look scarcely returned the salute.

Mr. Rightway felt disconcerted; "very strange all this," thought he. The poor widow appeared evidently distressed. "Come brother, let us get to our pew." They entered and seated themselves.

When the service was over, *Mrs. Rightway* expressed a wish to return home a more private way, to avoid, as she was a stranger, the inquisitive eye of beholders.

The real cause of this behaviour was never

guessed at by either of them; they as yet entertained not the most distant idea.

When they reached home, they were informed that young Lord S.— had set out for town, in his grandmamma's, Lady Dowager B—'s carriage, which she had purposely sent to convey him.

They had left him at home in the expectation, as a letter of invitation had the day before been received.

“Well, sister, how did you like the doctor's sermon?”

“Very well; his voice is strong and good, but he makes a too ostentatious display of it, and his manner is too self-sufficient; but I was much pleased with the serious and impressive manner, in which the curate, our friend Mr. Reed performed the service,—so fervent,—yet so humble in supplication!”

“You are right; he *feels* what he says; he is truly a good Christian, and a man of exemplary piety.”

“I wonder what Mrs. Chatterton has to communicate?”

“Nothing worth hearing, believe me; some lie of the day depend upon it.”

“I hope she will not trouble us with a visit for the purpose.”

Not she, she has forgot it by this time,

and something fresh now employs her parts of speech."

"I think that lady, uncle," said Frederic, "has twenty parts of speech."

"Plenty of *articles* of intelligence, Frederic."

"And plenty of *conjunctions* and *interjections*, uncle; she seems generally in the *indicative* mood."

"And frequently in the *imperfect* tense; is it not so, my boy?"

"Yes, Sir, so *incorrect* and *incoherent*, that it appears *nonsense*, and I cannot *construe* half what she says, Sir."

"Nor any body else, I believe Frederic."

"If this be so disagreeable in a *female*, what must it be in a man *man*?" asked his mother.

"Oh! shocking, mother.—If I were a *man*, and I heard another run on so, I should lose all patience, and perhaps turn him out of the room."

"That would be very *rude* in you, my dear, you must not forget you are a gentleman; besides it might breed a quarrel, which might produce serious consequences."

"What should I do then, mother?" cried the son.

"Endure him in silent patience for the first time, and be careful to avoid his company in future," answered Mrs. R.

“Indeed, mamma,” cried Maria “Miss Chatterton quite tired me, telling me such stories about Miss *this*, and Miss *that*; I do not like such *tittle-tattle*.”

“Then let such an example teach you to avoid it; if so offensive and disgusting in a grown woman, it is quite insufferable in a *girl*, and ought to be severely punished.”

In less than a week, Mrs. Rightway received a letter from Mrs. Chatterton, apologizing for not calling on her, saying, that reports were so circulated, notwithstanding all her endeavours to the contrary, that really her *own* character was at stake, if she cultivated a nearer acquaintance; on this head, she expatiated at large, adding, her own total disbelief of such scandalous insinuations, that he had married his own servant.

“There, brother, what think you? am not I right; is not a woman of her disposition a dangerous associate? I thank heaven for a *release* from such a visitor; had you suffered me to remain in London, this obloquy would have been avoided. I now see the necessity of removing thither, or elsewhere, immediately.

We cannot with propriety reside together, as I am looked upon as a person of vulgar origin, equally degrading to you, were I your

wife, as they suppose,—or, as in reality, only your *sister-in-law*.”

Mr. Rightway felt grieved and hurt. “I see no such necessity, my dear sister; we should despise such bare-faced calumny, it is really beneath notice; however, to relieve your feelings, I shall invite a few friends, to whom I shall introduce you in form, as my *sister*, and particularly to doctor *Tythe*, our rector, who is a man of consequence and weight, and his intimacy with my Lord S.—situated as I am with respect to his son, renders the removal of the doctor’s suspicions, (which from his recent behaviour I see he has imbibed,) highly necessary to my reputation at this time.”

Mrs. Rightway was satisfied and her mind restored to comparative ease; previous, however to the proposed invitation, her brother was honoured by a visit from the reverend rector.

The doctor after the first compliments, began in a serious manner to expostulate. He considered it as due to his dignity and profession as a divine, to remonstrate with him on the very great impropriety.

Mr. Rightway rang the bell. “Desire my sister, and the children to step this way.”

“Your *sister*! Mr. Rightway.”

“Yes, Doctor Tythe, what other do you suppose the lady to be?”

“I declare” returned the doctor “I would willingly believe it, but the strong assertions of the neighbourhood, and the resemblance I noticed in church between you and the young gentleman and lady, made me no longer doubt.”

Mrs. Rightway and her children entered; the doctor bowed; the widow returned a distant curtsey.

“Yes, doctor, this lady, whom I now solemnly introduce to you as my sister-in-law, is the widow of my beloved brother, the major, whose death you have often heard me lament, and it hurts me that you, who have long known me, should credit such an injurious fabrication.”

“I protest,” stammered the rector “I—I am extremely concerned, that I could for a moment harbour, and I sincerely ask the lady’s pardon, but I assure you”—

“Oh!—make no apology, doctor, *I am* only concerned that your *Christian charity* should yield so easily to the calumny of a *vilifying* world.”

“I observe a striking resemblance these children bear to you.”

“Sister,” inquired Mr. R. “where is your husband’s picture?”

The widow immediately produced a miniature bracelet.

“There, doctor, is the likeness of my departed brother,—compare and judge.”

The rector took the miniature.—“I now see the mistake I have laboured under, here is a still *stronger* likeness, and I perceive a strong family resemblance in all.”

Mr. Oldworth was announced.

“Welcome, my dear Harry, you could not possibly have arrived more opportunely. I have been accused and still labour under the suspicion of introducing into this immaculate neighbourhood, a woman and her offspring, as my *sister-in-law*, when”—

“I comprehend you, my dear friend,” said Mr. Oldworth indignantly, “who could have sent forth such a *false* and *wicked* report?”

“Plague on Mrs. Chatterton,” exclaimed the rector “that lady little conceives the mischief her inconsiderate and intemperate loquacity causes? I shall severely lecture her on the subject.”

“That woman is *mad* and ought to be smothered,” cried Oldworth, “but where are the two letters you received, before your sister’s arrival; you will excuse my seeming disre-

spect, my dear madam" continued he, taking her hand affectionately.

"Pray do not mention it" returned the widow.

"Where are those letters? I am out of all patience with that execrable woman."

The brother went to a table drawer, and produced the letters, then handed them to the rector.

"They are unnecessary," said the divine, "I want no additional confirmation of what I am already convinced. I will remove, myself, every remaining suspicion. You must all dine with me next sunday, I will walk with you myself to my house, after service, in sight of the whole congregation, and I flatter myself," added he, pulling himself up "when you all are seen in *my* company, none will dare to murmur the slightest disrespectful word."

"Well said old dignitary, do not forget your own importance," whispered the friend to Mr. Rightway.

"I shall now take my leave," said Doctor Tythe, "with the firmest conviction of that lady's innocence, (whose pardon I must again implore,) and the rectitude of your conduct, Mr. Rightway, and I have no doubt, when I take your vindication in hand, the influence I possess throughout this extensive parish, and

the intimacy I have the honour to maintain with Lord S.—and many persons of rank and fortune, will”—‘Now for it again’ muttered Mr. Oldworth with a sly wink to his friend, “totally eradicate every remaining doubt.”

Saying this with a consequential air, and taking Frederic by the hand and kissing Maria, he politely withdrew, adding “you will not forget I shall expect you on Sunday.”

“We shall do ourselves that honour, doctor.” The rector threw himself into his carriage and drove off.

Mr. Oldworth staid dinner and spent the evening with Mr. Rightway and his new family. The widow was highly pleased with Mr. Oldworth’s cordial friendship, and the cheerful hilarity of his temper; his ironical turn and occasional sallies enlivened the conversation, and she observed that both Frederic and Maria seemed delighted in his company; he was very partial to children, and when in their society, adapted himself to their innocent and playful humours.

“I have to inform you, my friend,” said Mr. Oldworth, “that my son William, your protegee and favourite, has obtained a civil situation on the Madrass establishment. He goes out

strongly recommended, and this, my dear Sir, he entirely owes to you."

"I rejoice to hear of his success, and am happy to find I possess greater interest with the directors than I could well conjecture,—but I am a pretty good judge of a youth's disposition, and I am convinced his success is more owing to his own merit and amiable manners, than to any trifling influence I can boast of."

"How goes your noble pupil on," asked Oldworth, "troublesome enough I have no doubt?"

"Quite the contrary; I have obtained an uncommon command over him in so short a time; his disposition is naturally good and tractable; I have nothing to do, but to correct by gentle methods a few foibles and propensities, the growth of mistaken indulgence and erroneous notions of high birth, to render him an interesting and amiable young man."

"But his education?"

"That I have provided for, by employing abler heads than my own. Mr. Reed, the curate, attends him and Frederic,"

"I am glad you have selected that worthy man."

"I am not yet quite blind Harry, and I must have lost sight of all merit, had the talents of Mr. Reed escaped me. His Lord-

ship's accomplishments are of minor consideration and follow of course."

A carriage drove to the door, and Lord S.—alighted and entered.

"You have made a long visit, Sir," said Mr. Rightway.

"I have to apologise to you, Sir, for not writing, but my grandmamma took me with her on so many visits, I really had not one moment to spare."

"I accept the apology, but I cannot answer for Mr. Reed, your tutor, the neglect of your studies is a serious matter."

"I shall redouble my diligence, Sir, to make up for loss of time."

"Well said, my young Lord, I like you; spoken boldly and honestly like a man," cried Mr. Oldworth.

"I am happy to obtain your good opinion," returned Lord S.—bowing. "Frederic, I have brought such presents down, you shall see."

On this he rung the bell, and desired his servant Richard to bring the basket from the carriage; the man brought a large basket covered and packed carefully.

Mr. Rightway exclaimed, "what have we got here,—some valuable books, with maps and prints, a pair of globes I hope, and a set of mathematical instruments I dare say, what a

good and considerate grandmother is her Ladyship,—come, my Lord, unpack, let me assist you.”

The important basket was opened and its contents displayed, when to the astonishment of all present and the utter confusion of young Lord S.— were discovered, two large papers of Naples' biscuit and macaroons, a large jar of preserved fruits, candid oranges, and citron, several pots of marmalade, a variety of sweetmeats in various forms, plum-cake, potted char, an ivory dressing box and apparatus, with bottles of rose and honey-water, a paper of *tooth-picks* and an opera glass!

The company stared; Frederic burst into a laugh, and Lord S.— became the colour of scarlet, and stammered out “what is all this, and what could my grandmamma mean?”

“What every foolish old grandmother means, to spoil her pet child,” cried Mr. Oldworth, really the good old Lady is a most *sensible* and considerate old gentlewoman!”

Lord S.— in a rage was going to kick the contents of the basket about the room, when Mr. Rightway interfered. “Come, Sir, I must not suffer this indulgence of passion nor disrespect to your affectionate but mistaken parent. These things shall be put aside, I see you were ignorant of what the basket contained, and are

visibly hurt at the discovery, and I am pleased to see the effect it has on you; it shows you are become sensible of the folly of preferring *such pernicious trash* to the possession of more solid and lasting acquirements. I shall take the liberty of writing to her Ladyship, to express your surprise and regret that she should still suppose you so *childish*, as to be pleased with such frivolous, unmeaning and truly degrading presents to a youth of your years and intelligence."

"Pray, Sir, did you ever express a wish to her Ladyship," asked Mr. Oldworth, "that you had an inclination to set up a *confectioner's* and *perfumer's* shop in this village?"

Lord S.— only said, "pray Sir, let me alone, and spare me for the present," and he immediately quitted the room.

"What a preposterous old woman is her Ladyship; a downright silly dotard!" exclaimed Mr. Rightway.

"Not so *silly* perhaps as you may imagine; she may be a great *naturalist*," said Mr. Oldworth, "and may have tried this *experiment* to expose to ridicule and contempt his fondness for such *nonsense*, as the possession of such things must now appear to him at any rate; it has given him an *electric shock*, and he is likely to reap the benefit."

“You give her more credit than she is entitled to, I fancy,” replied Mr. Rightway.

“On second thought, I am inclined” said the widow “to agree with Mr. Oldworth, if such was her Ladyship’s intention, she could not have taken a more effectual way, and the effect has been instantaneous.”

Young Lord S.— kept to his promise, and his attention to study was remarkable, and he actually seemed displeased, when the dancing or music master came” as he said “to *interrupt* him.”

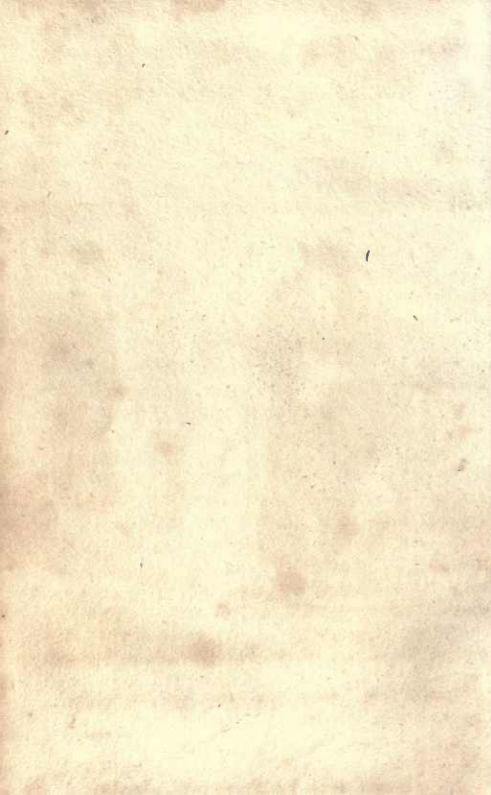
Mr. Oldworth, the steady friend of Mr. Rightway, had come principally on a visit to the worthy man, and to deliver personally into his hand a letter of grateful acknowledgment from his son; he slept indeed at the Inn, but passed most of his time with his friend and family, to whom he grew every day more attached. “I declare” said he one evening after a game of romps with Maria, “I must take care of my heart, this little *Irish gypsey*, I foresee, will actually run away with it.”

The important Sunday now came, that was to clear away the mist of error. The Rector’s attentions to the widow, as he joined them on coming out of church, was *condescension* itself; he proposed a promenade in the hearing of all his parishioners; insisted on her



*The important Sunday now came, that was to clear
away the mist of error.*

see page 72.



taking his *arm*, while young Lord S.— and Frederic walked by his side, and the little Maria held the hand of her uncle and Mr. Oldworth; thus on they paraded, to the wonder and astonishment of their numerous attendants, whom the fineness of the day, and above all curiosity, induced to follow.

As the gentry passed them, his attention to Mrs. Rightway was redoubled: he laughed, chatted familiarly, offered her snuff, bowed obsequiously to her replies,—in short, his whole behaviour was in the *extremity* of politeness, so as somewhat to embarrass and distress her. To Mr. Oldworth and his friend it appeared truly farsical, and afforded them no small entertainment, but the effect was visible on the beholders.

The old dowagers no longer drew themselves up as they passed along. Miss *Giggleton* grew quite serious, and strange to relate, even Mrs. *Chatterton* continued *silent* for full five minutes! Old Mr. *Wigsby* returned the doctor's salute with a low bow, stopped short and exclaimed "a fine day, doctor, but don't you think the *sky will soon fall!*" then hobbled on as usually, chuckling and shrugging his shoulders; and Mr. *Sourby* as he met them *stared*, and then "*grinned horribly a ghastly*

smile!" The whole countenance of the promenaders was totally changed.

"You see" said the doctor, as he led them to the rectory, "you now see what it is to have a friend at court; there is nothing to be done without it."

"You have found it necessary" said Mr. Oldworth significantly, "the patronage of the great, Sir, I believe, is indispensable to your cloth?"

"It is, Sir," returned the rector "of service, I grant, but a man's own *merits* must first introduce him to notice."

"Well said, *consequence*, again" thought Oldworth.

We shall now proceed in a summary way to bring this little history to a conclusion.

The education and improvement of Mr. Rightway's pupils went progressively forward with increasing effect. The worthy man would frequently allow them to be present when his occasional visitors called, and their peculiarities did not pass unnoticed by the young folks. The oddity of Mr. Wigsby's dress and manner was a subject of much merriment and even *ridicule* at first, but they were soon convinced that he had a *noble* heart, and that his *charity* was as extensive, as his fortune was ample.

“ Would you, my young Lord, admire a paltry picture, though placed in a rich gilt frame? surely not: it would only the more expose its hideous deformity; on the contrary, a well-drawn portrait or landscape attracts from its own intrinsic value, without the aid of ornament,—thus is it with Mr. Wigsby. He is a gentleman universally esteemed and regarded by men of the greatest distinction and discernment; his peculiarities in dress and manner are his *own*, and perfectly harmless, and when contrasted with his excellent qualities, help to embellish his character, and show his virtues in a more conspicuous light. You have frequently told me you have met him in the church-yard pondering among the tombs. I will bring you there shortly, my young friends, and point out his reasons. From Mr. Sourby’s unhappy temper, you may draw a profitable lesson; you have seen how uneasy it renders himself, and every one else in his company, and it will teach you to avoid indulging such a perverse humour. Even Mr. Bowbell’s *provincialities* are not to be ridiculed; they are local, and arise from an early defective education, and point out the necessity of amending such, should we unfortunately possess the same. Mr. Bowbell is a good and respectable

citizen, and his behaviour to poor Mr. *Spinbrain*, the author, redounds to his credit."

"Please to inform us of the circumstance, Sir," said young Lord S.—

"I will" continued Mr. Rightway. "This poor author had no other means of supporting a wife and small family but by the exertion of his literary talents. He was a man of great modesty, and his reading and knowledge of books were extensive; he had frequently been employed by Mr. Bowbell as a miscellaneous writer and corrector, and by indefatigable labour he barely earned sufficient to keep body and soul together; his meagre countenance too visibly spoke his wants, and though he assumed a careless cheerfulness before his employers, it was evident it was forced, and that his heart was near to bursting.

"He had left a work of much labour and ingenuity in Mr. Bowbell's hands, who happened to be very busy and did not pay it the usual attention. Poor *Spinbrain*, worn out with expectation, and many pressing difficulties, now fell ill, and was confined to his miserable apartment. His long absence now struck Mr. Bowbell with some anxiety.—'Go,' said he to one of his shopmen 'take this M.S. to Mr. *Spinbrain*, and beg him to correct it; bid him

carefully revise and make what alterations he thinks proper.'

"The man went, and found the author; he soon returned and reported his deplorable situation. The master put on his hat and left his shop. He in a short time arrived at the poor author's lodgings; he gently lifted the latch unperceived at first, and looked around a room of wretchedness,—the grate was fireless, by it sat, however, the miserable man rolled up in an old blanket, shivering in a strong fit of the ague. He perceived no sign of any sustenance, not even a crust was visible. He closed the door and went down stairs.

"In a few minutes, however, a porter appeared loaded with a bushel of coals and some wood. Mr. Bowbell followed; a waiter now brought in a loaf and a hot joint from a neighbouring cook's shop. Porter was ordered, and our citizen made up a good fire himself, he then sat down, and began to eat, inviting the author to follow his example; the poor man opened his eyes and stared; it was Mr. Bowbell himself. 'Friend Spinbrain, I have to apologize for my seeming neglect,—I now find it was unpardonable,—I know the difficulties authors labour under at times, but never supposed it could come to this. Why not apply

to me before, either in person or by letter? But cheer up, man, have better hopes.'

"'Hopes!' sighed Spinbrain, and feebly exclaimed.—'Hope! thou hast told me lies from day to day.'

"'But hope is a good fellow and a man of his word, and you shall say so. I have had no leisure to peruse your work, nor do I think it necessary; I will take it at your word; what is your price?'

"'You know, Sir,' replied Spinbrain, 'I always leave these things to yourself, I have ever found you liberal.'

"'Let me see' said Mr. Bowbell, 'it will make I think, two handsome *volumes*. I shall advance you the money.'

"So saying, he laid a 20*l.* note on the table and with a friendly shake of the hand, precipitately left the author, who, from surprise and gratitude was unable to reply.

"What think you now, my Lord, of this Mr. Bowbell,—this vulgar citizen, with his *wees* and his *wows*; are his provincialities of diction to be criticized, when such conduct does him honour?"

"By no means, Sir," returned his Lordship, "I shall never laugh at them again, and shall respect Mr. Bowbell as long as I live."

Poor Frederic's eyes glistened at Mr. Right-

way's story of the poor author; and Lord S.— was observed several times to put his hand into his pocket and handle his loose silver.

“What are you about, my Lord, playing with that *useless ore*? for to me it appears *totally* so in *your* possession.”

“I was thinking, Sir, that the silver I have, would not have been *useless* to poor Mr. Spin-brain; I almost fancied myself in his room, and was going to”—

“I understand you,—to *relieve* him. If such were your thoughts, I applaud you; and I can soon point you out a way in which it may be *usefully* and profitably bestowed.”

“I shall be happy to learn,” said his Lordship.

In this manner did the worthy Mr. Right-way instruct his pupils and amend their hearts.

A few days after he took them with him to the churchyard; two graves were open.

“Walk hither, my Lord, and observe these coffins; these mouldering bones and skulls now appear disgusting and hideous to the eye of health and youthful vigour; the first contains the ashes of a *poor*, but honest man; the grave was a happy release; he lived *unnoticed*, his *poverty* being his *crime*. In the other, are the bones of a *rich* young man, blooming once in health; admired and courted by the great,

and honoured by *royal favour*.—Where is the distinction now? You see the *rich* and *poor*, as the poet finely observes,

“Await alike th’ inevitable hour.—

The Paths of Glory lead but to the *Grave!*”

“Here, take a cheap lesson from mortality, and let it teach you to employ the wealth that Providence has entrusted in your hands to the relief of your *indigent* brethren, and *fellow-creatures*; that it may turn to a *blessing*, not a *curse hereafter*, when *worldly* distinctions are no more.”

“Lead me, lead me,” said young Lord S.—strongly affected, “to the habitation of the poor, the abode of the wretched; I should be a wretch indeed, if I did not profit by this awful lesson.”

Mr. Rightway was not backward, and he led them to a distant cabin, where a large family of wretched, half-starved children with a sick mother and helpless grandfather pined in want and obscurity. The *sight* was sufficient: Lord S.—threw his purse of silver into the poor waman’s lap, and burst into tears.

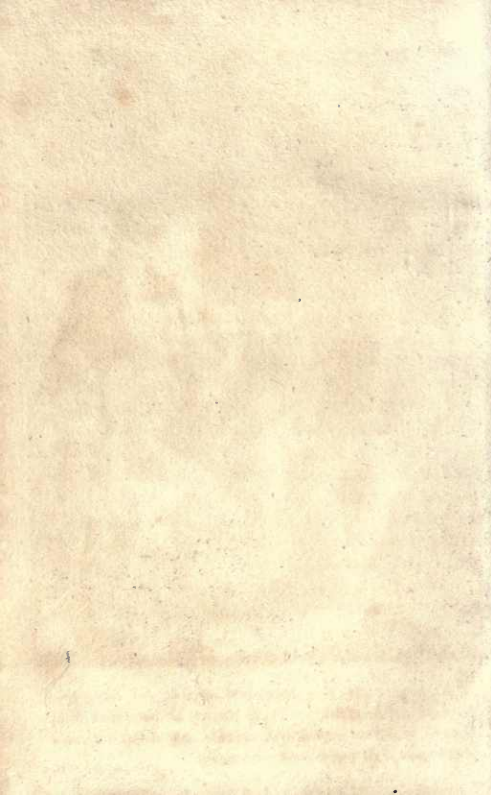
Mr. Rightway then led them home in silence.

Under such a conductor, it is no wonder that young Lord S.—soon became a different being; his bodily health hourly improved, air and exercise braced his nerves, his complexion



Mr. Rightway was not backward, and he led them to a distant cabin, where a large family of wretched half-starved children with a sick mother and helpless grand-father pined in want and obscurity.

see page 80.



became ruddy, his stature tall, his limbs firm and active, his understanding brightened, and his heart expanded.

And such he was, when the arrival of his father, Lord S.— was announced; he had been absent on the continent upwards of two years; and no words can express his surprise and astonishment, as well as *joy*, when he beheld the manly figure of his son advance to meet his ardent embrace.

“Can this be my son!” exclaimed the Peer, “this the puny, sickly boy I left behind! I can scarcely credit the alteration I see now before me!”

“It is indeed your son, my Lord,” returned Mr. Rightway, “but the alteration in his person, is of little moment, compared with the improvement you will discover in his intellects, and above all, in his *mind* and *morals*; it is them which I have been most sedulous to cultivate, and they have answered my most sanguine expectations.”

“My friend! my benefactor!” cried the Earl, “how can I ever recompense the services you have rendered us? It is *you*, Sir, who have proved yourself his father; I ought to disclaim the title, for my false tenderness had nearly destroyed his health, while the no less important culture of his mind, was, from the same

mistaken notion, shamefully neglected; look, therefore, my son, in future upon Mr. Rightway, as your *parent*—your *second*, nay your *better* Father.”

“I have, my honoured Lord and father,” returned the son, “during your absence ever considered him in that light; his truly parental solicitude for my welfare, demanded from me a no less return.”

“Whatever trifling service I have been able to bestow on your son, my good Lord, is now amply repaid by the happy result; as for his literary progress, which will equally please and surprise you, he is solely indebted to the unremitting and indefatigable attention of the *poor*, but no less estimable Mr. *Reed*, our humble curate.”

“I am indeed highly indebted to that modest, worthy man, my Lord; when I came under his tuition, I knew comparatively nothing; he first opened the gates of my understanding, and let in a flood of science and useful knowledge.”

“You are in his *debt* you say,” said the Earl smiling, “how comes this? I thought his salary was regularly paid; how much pray?”

“A hundred a year, my Lord, which *has* been regularly paid,” returned Mr. Rightway.

“No doubt of it,” replied his Lordship, with a significant smile to Mr. Rightway, “how

then comes it, young Sir, you happen to be in this poor man's debt?"

"Oh, my good Lord, consider, Mr. Reed has a wife and seven children, most of them little ones, and I made a promise to myself, that when in my power,"—and here he paused.

"Which promise, by the *honour* you owe to yourself, must be most religiously fulfilled. Let me see, I have it; I have luckily now a living in my gift; the first news I heard, was, the death of the old incumbent. I was not three hours in town, before I was plagued with applicants; though it is worth no more than 400*l.* per annum. I made, however, no promise. This living is now yours, my boy; it is now in *your gift*, take it, and pay the debt of *honour* and *gratitude* you owe."

"My Lord and father, you have made me happy."

Mr. Rightway now took his leave for the present, and returned with satisfaction to his little family.

Poor Frederic felt himself quite lonely, deprived as he now was, of the constant company of his young, noble associate; who, however, continued to receive with him, two hours of instruction each day, under the able guidance of the now *no longer* curate, for young Lord

S.— in less than a week bestowed the living on his worthy tutor.

We shall now conclude by anticipating a few events.

Lord S.— continued under Mr. Reed's tuition till he was fitted for Oxford, whither his instructor accompanied him. Frederic as he grew up, made choice of his father's profession; in this he was gratified by his mother and uncle's approbation and consent, and the present of a pair of colours from his noble friend and patron, the *Earl*.

The friendship and correspondence between the young Lord and him continued undiminished.

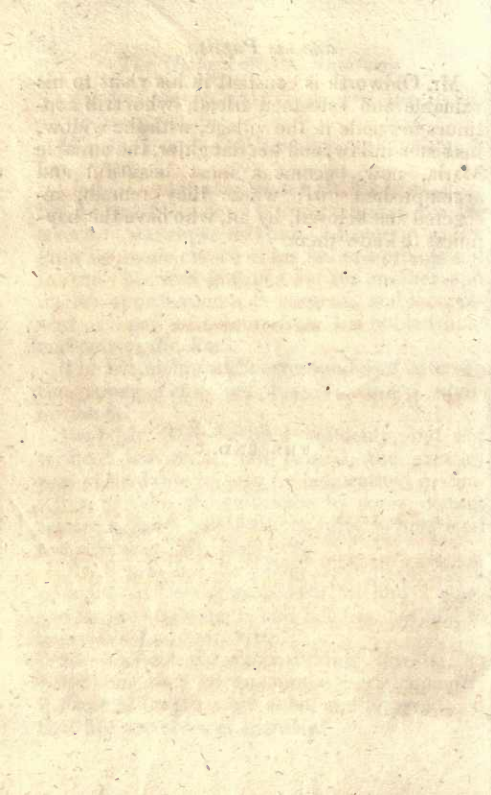
Poor Mr. *Wigsby* died suddenly, but not without leaving a will behind, the greatest part of his large fortune he bequeathed in charities, with a remembrance to some distant relatives, and a handsome annuity to his friend and executor, Mr. Rightway.

Mr. *Sourby* left the village, as from the death of some old Dowagers, *scandal* no longer wagged its profane tongue, and left him nothing to quarrel or find fault with.

Mrs. *Chatterton*, now finding few in the neighbourhood to encourage her loquacity, became at length more silent and reserved; so that her society was *bearable*.

Mr. Oldworth is constant in his visits to his valuable and esteemed friend, who still continues to reside in the village, with the widow, his sister-in-law, and her daughter, the amiable Maria, now become a most beautiful and accomplished girl; where they remain, respected and beloved, by all, who have the happiness to know them.

THE END.



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